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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1899. NUMBER 8.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Notes 143
"Thomas a Socialist" 144
Cleaning Out the Council—WILLIAM KENT 145
Another Word From Mr. Calthrop 146

GOOD POETRY—
Ode on a Grecian Urn—*John Keats* .. 147
A Morning Thought—*Edward Rowland Sill* 147

THE PULPIT—
The Moral Creation—DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS 148

THE STUDY TABLE—
The Brownings' Love Letters 151
Notes by E. P. Powell 152

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 153
Bird Trades 153
The Overcoat Pillow — *Epworth Herald* 153
Making ready for Service 153
My Own Master 153

THE FIELD—
Pueblo, Colorado 154
Tower Hill Summer School 154
Books Received 154
Rest—*Mary Woolsey Howland* ... 154
From Ver Tenebrosum — *William Watson* 154

"THE THINGS THAT ARE MORE EXCELLENT."

As we wax older on this earth,
Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,
And mean as dust and dead as dreams,—
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,
Some recompense the Fates have sent:
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,
The things that are more excellent.

Nought nobler is, than to be free:
The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws.
From servitude to freedom's name
Free thou thy mind in bondage pent;
Depose the fetich, and proclaim
The things that are more excellent.

The grace of friendship—mind and heart
Linked with their fellow heart and mind;
The gains of science, gifts of art;
The sense of oneness with our kind;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent;
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.

In faultless rhythm the ocean rolls,
A rapturous silence thrills the skies;
And on this earth are lovely souls,
That softly look with aidful eyes.
Though dark, O God, Thy course and track,
I think Thou must at least have meant
That nought which lives should wholly lack
The things that are more excellent.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

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SIXTH SESSION
TO BE HELD
IN
BOSTON,
OCTOBER,
1899.

Dear Friend:

We wish to solicit your aid and co-operation in helping to maintain and extend the work of The Liberal Congress of Religion.

We believe this Congress represents the best organized effort to further the normal progress of humanity. The Congress has safely passed the tentative and negative stages of its growth, and is now broadly constructive in its work. It furnishes a platform upon which all earnest and sincere men and women can meet and exchange counsel, sympathy and inspiration. Its constitution contains this phrase, "Absolute mental liberty." The founders and members of the Congress are of one mind upon this point, that mental liberty to be worthy of the name must be absolute.

We need your help and sympathy and we believe that you need ours.

Our Life Memberships are $25.00 and our Annual Memberships send $5.00. Any society contributing the sum of $10.00 will be entitled to three delegates for every hundred members to the Congress, with the privilege of casting their votes at all business sessions. Where there are those who cannot afford either of the above amounts, we shall gladly credit them with a smaller sum, but we want your names, let the amount of your contributiton be large or small. We want all friends of progress in Religion, Education and Sociology, inside or outside of existing organizations, to stand up and be counted. Our aim is not uniformity of belief, but unity of effort.

The official organ of the Congress, UNITY, will explain the scope and details of our work, and if you are not already a reader of the paper, we sincerely hope you may become one.

If for any reason you are unable to use this letter, will you kindly hand it to some one who will be likely to be interested in this work? Extra copies will be mailed to all who desire them.

State Committee for Wisconsin:

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B. S. Hoxie, Evansville, Wis.
Mrs. Alice B. Loomis, Lone Rock, Wis.

Address reply to_____

UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1899. NUMBER 8.

An exchange gives circulation to what is altogether a probable story, that the Czar of Russia was greatly influenced in his plea for disarmament by the Baronness Von Zuttner's now famous and altogether powerful book, entitled "Ground Arms." We know of no book in modern fiction that is more timely. Surely this pathetic lapse into militarism, in which the United States unfortunately leads, can be corrected and rectified only by a new realization of the awful facts of war which are so skillfully and truthfully described by the German Baroness, who speaks as a daughter, wife, sister and mother of soldiers. Was there not a burning prophecy in the following paragraph and has it not been realized, may subsequent history see nobly realized, in the Czar of Russia: "If even we may be nearer to barbarism than most people believe, we are perhaps nearer to our ennoblement than most people hope. The prince or statesman is perhaps already alive who is to bring to perfection the exploit which will live in all future history as the most glorious of all exploits—that which will carry universal disarmament."

A unique little circular announces a "Children's Summer Resort" at La Porte, Ind., where what during the year is a private primary school is devoted during the vacation months to a children's outing, where children without parents will be given the necessary attendance and supervision at reasonable rates. This is a timely suggestion. Are there not many parents who must themselves stay in the city through the hot months to attend to the pot-boiling necessities of the family who would be glad to send one, two or more of the children, who would grow pale and puny in the confinement of the town during these months, to where, for a reasonable expenditure, they will find the benedictions of the out-of-doors, plain living under wise supervision and with wholesome surroundings? Plans could be easily arranged for the adequate shepherding of such children at Tower Hill and other similar places where plain living and high thinking is the aim at the summer homes of city people. Thus, for a reasonable compensation, many city parents would be helped to solve the problems of parenthood and at the same time contribute to the solution of their own problems of bread-winning, tax-paying and mortgage battles.

Letters to the senior editor of this paper concerning this suggestion will be promptly attended to.

The woman's bonnet has come to an issue at the Oakland M. E. Church of Chicago. Pastor Shepherd had gently asked the women of his congregation to remove their hats in the interest of the men and women who sat behind them, who were very much inconvenienced by the flowery displays of millinery. But, if the local paper is to be trusted, last Sunday not one of the two hundred or more women in the congregation adopted the suggestion. We are told that some of the women came prepared in their minds to doff their hats, but nobody was ready to take the first step, and the minister himself confessed that the display of spring millinery was so gorgeous that he "had not the heart to ask them to remove them." An expert estimates that the Methodist parson that morning preached to at least two thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars worth of hats, and the newspaper artist tried to reproduce the confusing medley of lines presented by these Sunday hats, with an occasional face of a man peering through the wilderness. Perhaps the humor is warranted. It may be necessary to call in ridicule in order to help women to realize the incongruous character, to say nothing of the selfishness that presents itself before the eye of the thoughtful that looks down upon a well-hatted audience.

In the notice of the recent work accomplished by the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, found in our editorial columns, will be found the adequate explanation why the hand of the junior editor of this paper has been missed from recent issues. It gives the senior editor pleasure to record that his associate, William Kent, was the president of the Municipal Voters' League and that he gave unstinted labor and fearless execution to the principles of the League that knew neither republican, democrat nor independent; that withheld its preferences and its judgments concerning all the other offices and officers and applied itself to the one task of securing a decent common council for the city of Chicago, of redeeming the office of alderman, and through its labors it has made the office once more honorable and the public mind is permitted to look confidently to its legislative body, believing that it will not only guard with honor its present interests, but direct with skill the future of Chicago. We were glad to give our associate this furlough from his editorial tasks that he might the more efficiently serve the cause which UNITY stands for—the cause of righteousness, of organic integrity. We know no difference between civic and religious duties. What is accomplished for Chicago in these directions is accomplished for the United States and for the world.

Our readers will be glad to know of the prompt movement of the friends of liberality in religion at Omaha, quite independent of denominational lines, to raise a memorial fund to the memory of John M'Quoid. Let no prudential business man blame the great-hearted Methodist for falling in the midst of life with no adequate provision for his family. Plenty of men die every year in Omaha and elsewhere who have made this "ample provision for their family," and they die unwept and leave their family helpless and bereaved indeed. It is a significant and interesting fact that the chairman of the committee on the memorial fund is Thomas Kilpatrick, an old-time friend of UNITY and a prominent leader in the Unitarian Church of the place. We print a portion of the letter sent by Mr. Kilpatrick to the "World-Herald," thinking that perhaps some readers of UNITY will deem it a privilege to join in this tribute of respect and love for the open-handed and broad-minded Methodist, a helper of the Liberal Congress:

To the Editor of the "World-Herald":—

Dear Sir:—I have read with great interest and hearty approval your editorial on "John McQuoid Memorial Fund," and I sincerely hope that his friends and admirers will, without delay, take steps to form some little organization to accomplish this purpose. We are as a city on the crest of a wave of prosperity, and it would do us good to express our gratitude in helping the family of one who has always helped others without regard to his own condition. It is said that Mr. McQuoid "did not know the value of a dollar" when an

appeal was made by his fellow-men, hence the fact that his family is not over abundantly provided for. It is at all times somewhat difficult for a minister to live in a decent and respectable way becoming his position, and meet the many calls that are made on him on the ordinary salary of about $2,000 a year. We have always so many of the other kind in the world that it is truly refreshing to meet a man here and there, who, when suffering is before him, does not "know the value of a dollar."

THOMAS KILPATRICK.

A friend and co-worker writers: "I fear we are to move on Boston under great disadvantages. A very important friend who is with you on the expansion question writes that 'the course of UNITY is very embarrassing.' Others say sharp things and unkind." We reproduce this, not for the sake of saying that many others send kind and grateful words for the position UNITY takes on this high and serious problem of military expansion, but it is for the sake of saying that incidentally it gives our readers an opportunity of studying editorial ethics in its wider form. It throws us back on the general question already alluded to—how far can an editor be allowed to have opinions without at the same time losing the confidence and coöperation of those who are with him in the central things for which the paper stands, but who disagree with him on many other points. For instance, in these columns for twenty years and over we have waged persistent war against tobacco, alcohol in all its forms, bird-wearing by women; personally, the editor holds strong convictions concerning independency in politics; he has his own convictions concerning the various schools in medicine, his Celtic predispositions, many theological theories and a hundred other idiosyncrasies, and still many of our readers have smoked, taken a "little wine for the stomach's sake," worn birds on their hats, disagreed with us theologically, and have discounted our Celtic heat, so we believe the main body of the friends of fraternity in religion and coöperation, across the lines of sects, creeds and races, will continue to work for these things and to give UNITY their support, because it works for these things, even though it may disagree concerning the application of the same principle to questions of statesmanship and the military adjustment of the world. At any rate, there is but one course for us, and that is to tell the truth as we see it, to tell it in all kindness and try to deal with fairness and courtesy to those who differ from us. So far as space and our editorial standards permit we will continue to conduct this perplexing discussion on as high levels as possible. In witness of our good faith in this respect and our effort at fairness we give large space this week again to the skillful and able reply of Mr. Calthrop, albeit that to us this scholar, for the time being, is strangely swayed by the military ideal, English boast, and the obviously inadequate, uncertain and perhaps one-sided newspaper reports of the situation in the far-off and unfortunate islands of the tropic seas.

The "Times-Herald" of Chicago is generally characterized with breadth of sympathies and practical sense, but in a recent editorial on "Sociology in the Pulpit," it evidently gets out of its depth and shows the editor in as ridiculous a light as that in which the preacher often presents himself when he enters unfamiliar realms with a simplicity that would be touching were it not so reprehensible. This editorial undertakes to draw a marked difference between the "preaching of Christianity and the preaching of sociology." This statement might carry more weight if in the next sentence the editor had not proceeded to define what "preaching Christianity" consists in, while with obvious good sense he does not attempt to define the preaching of sociology at all. This is the editorial dictum found in a daily secular paper as to what constitutes Christianity:

"Its transcendent features are those which concern faith and the promise of a future state. There is the miraculous birth of the divine from the human, the doctrine of man's redemption from sin through a vicarious sacrifice, the revelation of the spiritual and heavenly, as distinguished from the material and the earthly."

We are further told that whenever the minister abandons these "mysteries" and enters into the "controversies," whether secular or otherwise, he becomes a mere lecturer. Gratifying as this judgment will be to a great multitude of confident "Christians" there will be still many noble and devout people who read and think that will be puzzled by a statement that rules out a Robert Collyer, Doctor Miner, Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, James Martineau and, as many great scholars think, Jesus himself, from the class of preachers and relegates them to the realm of the "lecturer." If this be so the simple result is that the ranks of the minister are impoverished and those of the lecturer enriched. These men and hundreds of others of lesser ability who give themselves to the work of religion, do not believe in the "miraculous birth" or a "vicarious sacrifice" and do not think that religion is chiefly concerned with the future state, but that it concerns itself with the problems of to-day, the noble life here, the kingdom of God on earth as taught by the Jewish prophets, including the great prophet of Nazareth. The "Times-Herald" had better try its hand again on marking the boundary line between Christianity and sociology. We are not of those who think them co-terminus, but alas for both if they are interpreted in such terms that the one excludes the other.

"Thomas a Socialist."

"PASTOR THROWS DOWN BARRIERS OF RESTRAINT."

The above were the sensational head-lines in one of the Chicago dailies last Monday morning, introducing a notice of the sermon by our associate, Doctor H. W. Thomas of the People's Church. We reproduce the head-lines for the sake of entering one more protest against the silly use of the word "socialist" as an epithet or a term carrying with it some connotation of treason, rebellion or fanaticism, while the fact is that the term "socialism" is one of the vaguest terms in modern use, reaching as it does from the wildest dream of communal equality, where there will be no private ownership, up to the largest and wisest generalization of sociology that looks at society as an organism with vital parts mutually related and interdependent. It is time that people realize that there is no "scare" in the words "socialist" or "socialism." Aside from the local color and what was timely in the discussion, the sermon of Doctor Thomas, which is to be found in another part of this paper, is but a calm and eloquent reiteration of the commonplaces of the best thinking of our day. His word was: "The one solution that I can see in the future is some form of co-operation—some form of mutualism. It does not hurt me if you call it 'socialism.'" This is simply stating not only the trend, but the present, achievements of society. Public libraries, parks, postoffices and public schools represent mutualism. The growing sense of a common interest in the public roads and streets, the manifest economy and commercial advantage of the department store, of the trusts and combines, all point to a mutualism. It is simply a truism of sociology that the economic disturbance and commercial injustice of our day can be corrected only by eliminating the selfishness and injustice out of the mutualisms already established. The first step in the study of the problems involved by the word "socialism" is to eliminate the "ghost" out of it. Socialism, whatever it is, is not a spook, convenient to frighten the unthinking. To those who are afraid of the word we commend the study of such a book as Professor William Graham's

"Socialism, New and Old," in the Appleton's International Scientific Series. Professor Graham occupies the chair of political economy and jurisprudence in Queen's College, Belfast, and in this work of four hundred and sixteen pages he traces the history of this movement toward collectivism, through the dreams of Jeremiah, the so-called laws of Moses, the various Utopias, reaching from Moore to Fourrier. The book abounds in wise citations from Carlyle, John Stuart Mills, Herbert Spencer and General Booth of the Salvation Army. Underneath all the varying and oftentimes conflicting theories of administration there lies this groundwork of a passion for justice, a groping for equity, a subordination of self in the interests of the whole, which is the heart of the Jesus message.

In these days no thinking man cares to use the word "socialism," much less appropriate it as representing his own thought, until he has defined it for himself. As we have often indicated in these columns before, the word, on account of its vague connotation, poorly serves our purpose. We have little use for it either as representing the thoughts of other people or our own, except when it is foolishly dreaded and used as a term of reproach. Like the words "Christian," "Unitarian" and similar class and creed words, we are willing to carry them only when they are pelted and are denied just appreciation or fair treatment.

If to try to ameliorate the social inequalities, to rectify the economic injustices, to modify the power of capital and to elevate the life of the laborer; if to believe that common-wealth is more important than wealth, and that that wealth alone is legitimate that contributes to and somehow strengthens and augments the common-wealth—if all this is socialism, then we are socialists and would like to be counted in. When one urges that the word carries this implication with a plus that represents a "program," we simply halt in the presence of his programs and say "that is another story" that requires special study and separate handling. We need not assure our readers that the sensation of the daily press is a sensation for which there is little foundation in fact. The People's Church of Chicago is standing by its minister and the pews are trying, with the minister, to adjust themselves to new truths and to keep up with the march of mind.

There is no sane opposition to honest wealth or to the right of personal property. There is need of strong government, but, as Doctor Thomas well says, "There should be one other place beside the cemetery where the rich and the poor can meet as one, and that should be the people's church." Let there be more such churches.

Cleaning Out the Council.

Anyone looking over the city council prior to this election would have noted a great change as the result of three campaigns and much intervening work to reform that body. From a mere handful who stood for public rights in 1895-96, there has grown year by year a minority party, strong in heart and full of the right sort of civic patriotism.

It looked for a while after last year's struggle as though the majority sought for had been reached, but when the test came the narrow lines were broken down and John Powers organized the committees.

The battle of the traction companies came up, and while it was not to be believed that the disgraceful Lyman ordinance could have passed over even a tacit veto, the public was aroused to fever heat and the victory was with the people. Here is what happened in the campaign just closed, as quoted from an official statement:

Chicago has redeemed itself in the most important branch of government.

"On February 15 the Municipal Voters' League made its report on outgoing aldermen. That report pointed out twenty-three as condemned by their own acts. But five of these twenty-three secured re-nomination, and but two of these five were elected—in the first and eighteenth wards, where the lodging house vote is supreme.

"Five other men of previously bad public records were nominated, and but one of these was elected, namely in the seventh ward. Thus of the thirty-six men elected to the council this spring there were but three of bad public record and condemned by the League.

"Of men especially commended there are now seated by this year's election twenty-four. Of men, some of whom have borne good reputations, but were not considered the best candidates in the ward, but all of whom had no bad public past behind them, there were elected nine. Of aldermen holding over until next year there are thirty-two. Of these fourteen have made bad records and eighteen have been tried and tested and can be relied upon as men not only honest, but men of experience and ability.

"A roster of the council would show (based upon what the League can learn by the most diligent scrutiny), forty-four or more men who can be relied upon to protect public interests, as against seventeen of the old boodle ring, with others neither recommended nor condemned.

"The honest element has, therefore, at least a clear majority of twenty votes. A clear reversal of last year's situation.

"The council was organized on non-partizan lines of decency. Every important committee has as chairman a tried, tested and capable man and a majority of honest members. Sand-bagging is impossible and constructive work has its day."

It seems a pitiably small cause for rejoicing that those occupying the positions of highest trust are not to be suspected of larceny in advance. But that has been the situation until now. It seems an absurdity that "our party" disreputable should have even been preferred to a decent man of another party, when party lines had absolutely no bearing, but that has also been the case.

Better than the roster of men whose lives have been honest is a consideration of the intelligence, education and exceptionally high character of many of those elected. With this majority there enters the polluted atmosphere of the council the dignity conferred by a right appreciation of grave responsibility. The days of the "bear garden" pass away with the days of the "boodlers' club."

The election has been a great uplift of citizenship.

It was seen in the non-partisan clearness, which made of the democratic municipal platform a historic and prophetic document. It was seen in the discrimination shown in the vote. For while Mayor Harrison, running as the champion of public rights in the public streets (whatever the wrongs of his administration), carried twenty-eight wards, there were in these wards elected thirteen republican aldermen, indorsed by the League as the best candidates. In the remaining fifteen of these twenty-eight wards carried by Harrison there were elected six democrats, believed by the League to be best qualified. Leaving but nine wards where the tidal wave that re-elected Harrison went counter to what the League believed it could demonstate to be the best action for voters to pursue in selecting aldermen.

The victory rests with the man who scratches his ticket—may his numbers increase.

The Municipal Voters' League is not an individual nor a personal ambition. It has nothing to gain by its battles except the good of the community. When personal honor becomes a matter of course in the

council chamber it will expire by limitation. Until that time comes it will fight on continuously. The sadness of the deaths of men like Colvin and Donnelley in the harness will not stop it, for they are an inspiration to go forward. As long as it holds the respect of the people, as long as it can have the mighty help of the decent daily press of Chicago and the helpful hatred of the Inter Ocean, the acknowledged organ of Yerkes and all the anarchy and infamy that he represents, it will continue in its work. WILLIAM KENT.

Another Word from Mr. Calthrop.

To the Editor of UNITY.

If I am ever destined to have another opponent, may he be such an one as Mr. Dole! But as we both of us long to get at the truth, he will wish me to criticise all that he and others have said with all the vigor and I can, but in all love and loyalty.

I. First to the general question.

As long as selfishness and barbarism exist on a large scale, war will be possible, and when they are rampant, aggressive and tyrannous, then war will be necessary. A nation of Quakers would be a grand spectacle in its conscience void of offense, its beautiful desire to be at peace with all men, its heroic determination to suffer wrong rather then inflict wrong. But when another people was suffering outrageous wrong at the hands of a selfish and barbarian power, the Quaker nation would be utterly helpless. It would have no fleets and no armies, and high-handed iniquity would only laugh at its impotent appeals. If the United States had been a nation of Quakers, the oppressions of Spain in Cuba would be at high tide to-day. Why will good men, who are also thinkers, refuse to see this palpable truth? It was bad enough for Gladstone to give help slowly and grudgingly to Gordon, but what if John Bright had been prime minister? He would have simply sent word to Gordon to suffer wrong rather then inflict wrong, and if Gordon had replied that he was suffering no wrong, but hundreds of thousands of helpless Egyptians were in danger of being massacred and would assuredly be massacred, unless England sent him swift and sure help, then John Bright would have been absolutely paralyzed and powerless, and a shame would have fallen on England even worse than the shame which actually befell.

"The reason why we have fought is because we are not a civilized people," says Mr. Dole. I say we fought because the Spaniards are not a civilized people; because they treated hundreds of thousands of poor old men, women and children in a shockingly barbarous manner. The more civilized the people, the more shocking would they feel such treatment to be, and the more determined would they be to put an end to it, by force, if necessary, unless they were a nation of Quakers, and then they would have remonstrated and petitioned and begged the Spaniards to leave off and the Spaniards would have kept on their brutalities just the same and laughed at their impertinent meddling.

Mr. Jones, who sympathizes completely with Mr. Dole, is certain that the law of evolution makes distinctly against any permanent attempt of ours to slowly educate the Fiilpinos toward self-government. No race, he thinks, ever was or ever can be benefited by "tutelage." I deem, on the contrary, that one of the most marked characteristics of the human evolution of our century is the "tutelage" of the lower races by the higher. The Indian is at last anxious to learn "the white man's way," and noble souls are teaching them that "way." It will be only by prolonged effort on the part of the white race that the black races will be lifted up. Surely, we know that this is true of our own colored people. I have lectured at Hampton for several years, and have had the priceless opportunity of many earnest talks with General Armstrong, of blessed fame, and with his noble corps of teachers. They knew, and know the exact status of the black man; they are under no illusions, and so are not disappointed at the result of their efforts, as those who put his present status far too high are sure to be. This is true all over the world, and is conspicuously true in the British Empire, which has done more to uplift the lower races then all the rest of the world put together. Mr. Dole, apparently, does not admit this, and points out that Hindustan does not at all incline to England's religion. No! But Hindustan is today a monument to England's justice, to England's power to bring peace and order out of chaos. Carnegie says that India is the curse of England. But England is the blessing of India. Ask Mozoomdar! He declares that British rule has given the Hindoo the first chance for development he has had for a thousand years! Mead speaks of the century long sin of England. Well! what conqueror ever collected $350,000,000 a year from a conquered people, and then spent the whole of it for the benefit of the conquered people before England did it in India? England has sinned in Egypt, has she? Ask the Egyptian peasant, ground down to the dust, since the Pharaohs, what he thinks about it. He who does not see how wonderfully English rule has blest Egypt is willfully blind. England has sinned in South Africa, has she? Ask the black man there? England has poured out blood and treasure like water to secure the black man's freedom in Africa. The one sin of England, according to the black man, was Gladstone's weakness in giving the Boers of the Transvaal renewed power to oppress them. The real historic fact is, that England has startled the new Age in all this. The consent of the government has too often been translated to be simply the vote of the governed. Suppose we judge by the uplifting of the governed! By the peace, happiness and progress of the governed? Booker Washington, surely the very highest authority here, insists that one of the gravest misfortunes to the men of his race was that the ballot was put in their hands long before they were in the least fitted to use it. It will take quite a quarter of a century to make the average Filipino use the ballot wisely under the best circumstances.

II. So much for the general question. Now for the special one.

Mr. Dole repeats the mistake of Senator Hoar, who insisted that the liberties of the Filipinos were bought and sold, as in open market, by the commission at Paris. The offer of $20,000,000 as purchase money for the Philippines would be absurdly inadequate; and if tendered as such, would simply have ben a gratuitous insult to a conquered foe, who had to accept because he must. It is a mistake and an injustice to say that it ever was so offered or so meant. It was distinctly offered as a fair equivalent for the property of the Spanish government, for the public buildings and public works, not only at Manila, but in all the other islands on which our army had not set a foot.

Senator Hoar insists also that Aguinaldo and his men had already conquered the whole of the soil of their country from the Spaniards, except a single city —Manila. We, the average millions of well-meaning people, had hitherto supposed that Dewey and Otis, our navy and our army, had conquered the Spaniards. When Dewey started for Manila, the Filipino insurrection was dead, and its leader, Aguinaldo, a fugitive with a well-lined pocket. "We have surely made a bad beginning," says Mr. Dole. Somebody has, but it is just possible that it may turn out to be Aguinaldo! I have not yet heard of a single injustice that either Dewey or General Otis has done. I did hear that Aquinaldo's men insisted that they ought to have "their share of the booty" of Manila, when Otis captured it. I presume they thought that Otis would loot the city for his own special benefit. Most of us thought that their gratitude for deliverance from the hated Spanish

yoke would have lasted a few weeks at least. But since they got no "booty," it did not last an hour. They did not even wait until we had the right or the power to say what we would do. I do not think we realize how large and wealthy Manila looks to them; and how immense a treasure its possession would be. It is to them what New York is to us. And so they wantonly attacked us, hoping to get possession of it. I presume that the trouble began when General Otis most wisely and humanely refused to allow Aguinaldo and his men to join in the attack on Manila. Had he consented he could not possibly have restrained them from sacking the city. Of course, Aguinaldo had been on his high horse long before this, as probably Dewey could tell us. I appeal to Mr. Dole to say whether he does not think it far more likely that the trouble began with Aguinaldo, who thought that he had everything to gain by it, rather than with the commanders of our army and navy, who had nothing to gain by it. No hint of imprudence, or of insolence, or of tyrannical conduct on their part has yet reached us. On the contrary, Dewey and Otis appear to have acted with marked prudence and forbearance in the midst of great provocation. In our laudable anxiety to be absolutely just to the Filipinos we must beware of being grossly unjust to our own noble representatives, who are there on the spot and are doing their very uttermost on our behalf. Surely, surely it is much more probable that the preponderance of right and truth should be with Dewey and Otis rather than with Aguinaldo and his men. Dewey and Otis have breathed American air all their lives, while the air of the Philippines has for centuries been foul with lies, trickery, corruption, cruelty and oppression. Think of the lies Aguinaldo's proclamations have told, and remember that Aguinaldo knew that they were lies!

We have, as our representatives there, some of our very best and noblest men. Our officers, our commission, are studying the conditions, the complex, difficult conditions on the spot. Had we not better trust them just a little? To refuse to do this is to repeat the tragic mistake of Gladstone, who, not on the spot, thought he knew better than Gordon—as true and noble a man even as himself—who was on the spot; of Gladstone, who knew nothing of the conditions, and yet checkmated Gordon, who was in the very midst of the conditions and knew the conditions better than any living man.

The bottom fact is that, by a strange and wholly unexpected turn of destiny, we have now become responsible for the welfare of the Philippine Islands and their inhabitants. We must hold ourselves to that, hard and long and distasteful though our task may be. Stepping down and out is merely shirking the task. The miserable consequences of such shirking would be deplored by none more sincerely than by those true and noble men who, in all sincerity and conscientiousness, are urging us with all their might to do just this. Their plan is certainly fascinatingly easy —just to sail away home and save millions of dollars and many precious lives and slip out from under the load of a vast responsibility in a moment. True, we should leave chaos behind us, but we should give the world a grand spectacle of abnegation, which, doubtless, would far outweigh the misery it would cause in that beautiful archipelago, for which, however, we should be also responsible!

This may Heaven avert!

Yours,

S. R. CALTHROP.

P. S. I cannot allow myself to trespass any more upon your valuable space. I have had full opportunities to say my say. Allow me here to thank many friends who have sent me kind letters of appreciation, for which I am deeply grateful. S. R. C.

Good Poetry.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Temple or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on:
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare,
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss.
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu:
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O attic shape! Fair altitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—*John Keats.*

A Morning Thought.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me, the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

The past is a poor support to lean on. Some lean on the good name of their ancestors, some on their own record at school or college, and others, again, on a feat which they once accomplished. In judging an unknown man, it is an advantage to know something of what he has done. But a man's own estimate of himself must be based upon what he can do now.

The Pulpit.

The Moral Creation.

A Sermon by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Delivered before the People's Church, Chicago, April 16, 1899.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight.—Mark 1:3.

It is a mistake to suppose that the work of the Lord is finished. At different periods in the past certain things had been accomplished, but these were not finalities, they were preparations for a higher and better that was yet to be. The Azoic age of geology was a preparation for the Paleozoic, and this prepared the way for the Mesozoic, and this for the Cenozoic, and all these made possible the coming of man.

With this, the creation, in one sense, was completed, the material order had taken shaping; life had been carried up from protoplasm to man. The physical had reached the perfect in this upright form, and could be carried no higher. Mind and heart had been nursed and rocked in the cradles all the way from the dim awareness of plant life, to the appetencies and the lower and higher instinctive powers and incipient reasonings of the animal world to the volitional and rational life of man. And the heart life had been carried along through the other-caring love of the lower, on and up to the motherhood of woman.

But the work of God was not finished, the way had been prepared for the new order of things in which this higher being was to go forth to project, to idealize and realize in objective forms a world of the rational and the moral.

The beginnings were naturally very imperfect. Industry has had to move all the way from the hand to machinery; governments have had to go over the long way from the tribe to the kingdom, from the despotic to the constitutional monarchy, and at last the power of the people in a republic. Religion has journeyed all the way from fetich to star, from pantheism to monotheism, from sacrifices of blood to the offerings of life on the altars of love.

It is a sad error to suppose that the work of God is finished; God is present in the forces of nature, and consciously and continuously present in carrying forward the ever-becoming life of man in the moral order of a world. The ages gone did not dream of the augumented material power that should come through the inventions and discoveries of later years, nor of the wonderful truths of the new astronomy, and the later teachings of evolution, and only the illumined souls, the prophets, the Christ, philosophers and poets had visions of a coming world-liberty; a kingdom, an empire, a brotherhood of souls in the great law and life of love.

There is the inspiration of power, of hope, in the conscious fact that God is continuously in his world, in man, and working with man to perfect the rational and moral creation. When this truth is emphasized our world will see in all the great events of the past a preparation for the better that was to be, and the wonderful events of the present are "preparing the way of the Lord" for the greater good of the longer time to come.

The eighteenth century has taken its place in history as the century of revolutions, and of reason; out of one has come larger civil liberty, from the other clearer thinking and a more reasonable religion, and out of these has come the quickened and larger life of the nineteenth century. And now the amazing forces and powers of the present are shaping, organizing, along new lines. In many respects our age is new, there is nothing in the past with which to compare it. It is the age of mechanical invention, of the power of machinery—it is emphatically a commercial age. Industrialism has taken the place of militarism. Of course, there are still wars, and large armies in time of peace, but they look to commerce rather than military power and glory.

And with this has come the era of centralization, of larger movements, of the combinations of capital and business, not of a city or community alone, but of a whole country, and this again is looking in the direction of international or world combinations. All this is possible on such a large scale, because of the augumented power of man. Such movements cannot be without great changes, and even possible dangers, to the social order. Fifty years ago there were few millionaires in our country, now there are four thousand; then all industries were open to free competition, now they are nearly all in the hands of trusts; then there were no great labor organizations; now they include nearly every line of mechanical labor. Then there was work for all willing hands; now the smaller forms of business are being crowded out by the larger. Many capable, honest workers have lost their places, and it is said there are more tramps in this country than there were soldiers in Wellington's army. It is even feared by many that the middle classes in our country will disappear, and that in not many years there will be only two classes—the rich and the poor.

This is certain, there is general unrest, widespread anxiety for the near future. Everywhere the question is asked: "Where will this condition of things end? What is the remedy? Will it be evolution or revolution" And all feel that it must be one or the other.

It is this condition of things that has called into the foreground the new study of sociology in the practical application of the Christ spirit, or of the law of the justice of love that should make man the friend and helper of man, and that should so change conditions that the increased power of production should be shared by the producers, by all honest toilers, and not alone by the rich, by the corporations and trusts that have gotten hold of the natural sources of wealth.

This is the special field of Prof. Herron's teaching and complaint. His theory is that the Christ life of the justice of love is the only and final solution, and with this I perfectly agree. But dwelling so much upon the dark side of society is discouraging, and it is not easy for one who does this to avoid becoming extravagant—one sided—almost pessimistic, and so hurt the cause one is trying to help.

It is a question whether more good can be done by dwelling upon and denouncing the wrongs of the social order, than by exalting the ideals of the good. That question has caused me much study—it is so much easier to dwell upon the good—and I feel that in the good is the only redeeming power, and so does Prof. Herron. But when one turns to the prophets and the Christ, they not only preached the power of the good, but denounced in severest terms the evil, and when one looks to history, all the great reformations were carried forward by fighting the wrong as well as standing for the right. Luther denounced the abuses against which he protested in the name of a larger liberty; so did Cromwell, so have all the prophets of liberty, and some of the old abolitionists even denounced the conditions of the country as diabolical.

Each earnest soul must do its own work; extremes rise up against extremes, between these is the path of final success. The right, the good, is the eternal reality, the saving power, but the evil, the wrong, must be condemned.

Prof. Herron has taken up the cross and is conscientiously doing the hard, dark work, dragging to the light and holding up to view the social wrongs and dangers of our time; it is against unjust conditions that he speaks, and not against individuals, and

he does it in the spirit of love. Nor is he talking about imaginary evils and dangers, though they may sometimes assume exaggerated forms. Our country stands at the parting of the ways, our civilization is hurrying on to dangers, greater, perhaps, than many think, and Prof. Herron is not alone in seeing the wrongs and perils of these strange years.

Dr. Albion W. Small, head Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, and one of the ablest men in this land, in a late address before the Methodist preachers of this city denounced our present economic condition in severer terms than ever did Dr. Herron. I quote from the Chicago Record of March 29th Prof. Small said: "The social system in which we live and move and have our being is so bad nobody can tell the full measure of its iniquity. In this age of so-called 'democracy' we are getting to be the thralls of the most relentless system of economic oligarchy that history has thus far recorded. That capital from which most of us directly or indirectly get our bread and butter is become the most undemocratic, inhuman and atheistic of all the heathen divinities. It breeds children but to devour the bodies of some, the souls of others and to put out the spiritual eyesight of the rest. The socialistic indictments of our civilization are essentially sound. Mind, I do not say the remedies are sound, but the indictments are true.

"There are clouds on the social horizon already bigger than a man's hand, foretelling changes of which no one is wise enough to predict the end. If present tendencies continue it will not be long before the men whose business is to communicate ideas will be gagged by those who publish ideas, and the publishers will be shackled by the makers of paper, and the paper manufacturers will be held up by the transportation lines, and the transportation corporations by the producers of steel, and the steel industries by the coal operators, and the coal miners by the oil producers, and the oil magnates by the stove makers, and the cook-stove men by the sugar trust, and the sugar interests by Wall street, and the stock brokers by the labor unions, and they by the farmers, and the farmers, God help them, by everybody.

"I am not throwing the dust of my library in your faces, but if you heed the symptoms from bank and office, factory and railroad headquarters and daily press you have discovered that the very men who made these combinations are beginning to be frightened at their shadows. These very business men who claim a monopoly of practical 'horse sense' have involved themselves and all of us in a grim tragedy. They are asking in a quiet way how it is all going to end.

"Whether they realize it or not, our vision of freedom is passing into the eclipse of universal corporate compulsion in the interest of capital. The march of human progress is getting reduced to marking time in the lock-step of capital's chain gang. It would make infinitely more for human weal if every dollar of wealth was cleaned off the earth, if we could have instead of it industry and homes and justice and love and faith, than to be led much further into the devil's dance of capitalism."

Before such statements as these the strongest words of Prof. Herron turn pale.

I read again from the Record of March 30th. No one will charge Judge Edward W. Burke of our city with sensationalism, he is one of the most calm and scholarly minds of our able judiciary. In an address before the same body of clergymen, Judge Burke said:

"Trade and methods of business that have been pursuing their customary way for centuries are paralyzing individual effort and puzzling the law-makers of the earth. Storm centers of labor and capital are gathering over against each other and threatening the very integrity of the industrial firmament of man. The late appearance of the hitherto unsuspected intellectual and physical forces but add Titans of unknown strength to the conflict toward which all the world is consciously or unconsciously rushing.

"No human wisdom can say what mean the great and increasing aggregations of capital, now sufficient to buy kingdoms. If these shall be arrayed against the empty hands of labor, then shall mass collide with mass and who can predict the end thereof? I see no commanding spirit of compromise in these approaching and threatening avalanches which seem destined to involve the whole social system in universal ruin before the young men in this audience become three score and ten years of age. I am one of those who do not believe in the specific mission of the church to adjust men to the new conditions of life and action, or in a temporal sense to safeguard them against the storms of capital and labor. These storms will be terrific, but they must come. They are brewed in the selfishness of the human heart and each succeeding one shall prove more destructive than its predecessor, until the prince of darkness is chained.

"From this time forward to the end of time that force only need be counted on which is potential enough to move not individuals, but whole masses of men. The taskmaster of old was cruel to gratify the passion for cruelty; to-day it is to gratify the passion for gold. But the modern taskmaster is destined to fall as certainly as fell his prototype, and the David who shall slay this modern Goliath is the church of the twentieth century."

In his last book, "Between Cæsar and Jesus," and the people of this land should read that book, Prof. Herron says: "If the great steel trust, which has lately been capitalized at $200,000,000 fulfils the possibilities of its charter, that one monopoly alone can wipe private industry and ownership from the face of the earth." The Chicago Tribune, in an editorial upon that trust, says: "This centralizing of capital is the most important and most menacing of all the industrial movements of the present day. The sowing is tremendous, and the reaping is likely to be momentous and disastrous. Before long there will be a savage fight between the plain citizens, irrespective of party, and these gormandizing and law-defying trust vultures. The present state of things cannot last indefinitely in a free republic; consumers are absolutely at the mercy of a power that has set itself up to be greater than the people and stronger than the government." I quote this from Prof. Herron's book, and the great Tribune has not been blamed for these strong and alarming words.

The call of duty, the love of country and man and God, has compelled this pulpit to come into the great battle of the ages for liberty and justice, and not from any little partisan standpoint, but from that of humanity, of the universal good. This pulpit has sought to avoid extremes, and to teach the eternal laws and principles of justice. This pulpit has said that large things have to be done on a large scale, that there is nothing necessarily wrong when two business men form a partnership, nothing wrong when partnerships form a company, nothing wrong when companies form a corporation, and nothing wrong when corporations form a trust. Business can be done cheaper on a large scale, and there is nothing wrong in selling machinery to lighten the labor of man. The wrong is in the attempted monopoly that would shut off the people from the sources of wealth, and shut them off from a just share in the increased products of labor under the new conditions of our new age.

And here is where the struggle will come—is here now—and personally I see the only peaceable solution in some form of co-operation, of mutualism, of socialism. In our late election each of the three candidates declared—had to declare—in favor of municipal

ownership, the difference was only as to time and methods. And municipal ownership is, in so far, nothing more nor less in principle than state socialism, and if this can be had in the states, the same principle may extend it to more than the postal service in the nation, and if this country does not in some way control the monopolies, the monopolies will control the country.

This pulpit has said time and again that these ugly-looking trusts are object lessons of the higher associate possibilities of our wonderful age, and this pulpit has preached, hoped and not despaired, has believed and taught that the American people, always in the past equal to any emergency, will find a peaceable solution of the present troubles; that they will be settled, not by bullets, but by ballots, and that we should talk peace and not war, pray and work for peace, appeal to the high and noble sense of right, of conscience, of love and brotherhood, and not to the sword. But at last, if not in this way, then justice must come in severer forms. It is evolution or revolution.

This pulpit has believed in and taught the right of personal property, the necessity of a strong civil government, but it has pleaded that wealth should be honestly acquired, and generously used, and that government should be just, equal rights to all and special privileges to none. There is an over sensitiveness on the part of many when anything is said about wealth, as though it were an attack upon the prosperous, upon the well-to-do, and a plea for what they denounce as socialism, lawlessness or anarchy. It does not argue well for the serenity of a clear conscience, if everything was right there would be no trouble. The pulpit stands, must stand, for justice, and everyone should rejoice in just prosperity; the more honest wealth there is, the better for all, and business must have a safe margin of profit, and business men should be rewarded and honored for success. But it should be honest business, honest all around, one class should not profit at the expense or loss of another class. That will be the beauty, the strength of our country of the free; no one should wish to see in this land the dangerous extremes of the very rich and the very poor; all should have a fair chance in the struggle for existence, and in pleading for this, the pulpit is pleading for the only foundation upon which any civilization can be great. As Dr. Hirsch says: "Justice is the sacramental word of the liberal pulpit," and it should be the sacramental word of the patriot.

And we have yet to come to a clearer understanding of what liberty is; it is not, cannot be, lawlessness neither in church nor state, but rather it is, and must be, the most sacred loyalty to truth and right. In the ratio that prescriptional, civil and ecclesiastical morality decreases to a free people must the obligations of essential morality increase. The material world from atom to star, from amœba to man is under law, and it is just as true that there is a moral order of the true and the good, and that "justice and judgment are the habitations of thy throne," the throne of God. There is and can be no such thing as a lawless freedom to matter or mind, to man or God. God is justice, is truth, is love, and to these qualities there is their own essential limitless freedom, hence it is only in obedience to natural and moral laws that man can be free.

The liberal pulpit and church are of all others the most sacredly obligated, and so of a republic. This land is not under an imposed government, put upon it from without; it makes its own laws, hence, the responsibility to make just laws. The liberal church and pulpit are not bound by any outside ecclesiastical rule or authority, they have essayed the larger liberty of the free, and with this have assumed the larger responsibility of eternal loyalty to truth and justice, to humanity and God.

Through the doors of our People's Church 200,000 strangers have come and gone, many of them to hear but one sermon that may influence their whole lives, and this pulpit is responsible to earth and heaven for the words spoken. The pulpits of the liberal churches are as thrones pushed out from the eternities, and the preachers stand to interpret as best they can the great truths of the soul and God, of life, of duty and destiny; these pulpits try to be larger than sect or party, try to stand for the universal; they need and seek all help, are open to all wise council; a child may lead them, but they must be free, and there is no power that can drive them.

It is said that money can buy some newspapers, can buy some members of city councils and legislatures, that money can corrupt legislation, and the suspicion is abroad that money can buy some preachers, that they can be hired to teach a theology they do not believe, or not to say anything about it, or to stand for the rich and not for the poor. There is not money enough in Cook County to buy one such sermon from this pulpit, nor can they be bought from Dr. Hirsch at Sinai Temple, nor from Drs. Stolz, Jones and White, nor any other pulpit of the free in this city. Nor have the officers of this or any of the churches of the free ever sought to limit the liberty of their pastors; they and the congregations would cease to respect us if we did not speak the truth as we understand it. Nor do the liberal preachers try to force their own beliefs upon the people, they seek to open up the great fields of truth and life in which minds and hearts that are free may live and grow. We do not ask authority for truth and right, they are and must be their own authority; what we ask is loyalty, the love of the true and the good; that is what makes character, and then each mind, each heart, must have its own vision, and live its own life. In this we are all agreed, and hence can work in harmony; we love each other in the common love of truth, of right, of man and God.

And this brings us to the question of wealth and worship, of money and the church. Like every other organization, a church has its necessary expenses and must have its commercial or business side. The burden of these expenses should be borne by all, each gladly giving as each can, and the "widow's mite," the little that the poor can give, is as sacred, as just, as the large gifts of those who have more.

But a church is not primarily a business corporation like a bank or a store, its object is not to make money, but to make life, more and better life, to enlarge the life of souls in the visions and duties, the joys and hopes of the supernal; worship, song, prayer, preaching are means to an end, that end is the life of God in man, here and now, the life of justice, of love, of brotherhood, and the hopes of the forever; and the money-side of a church is a condition to this higher end.

Hence, "the rich and the poor should meet before the Lord," without any thought of the accidents of life, or the greater or less ability by which some have more money or property than others. In the church these distinctions should not exist, should not be thought of. A church is a kingdom of souls and of soul life, a family of children coming together in the house, and around the table of the Father in heaven, and the rich should be glad to give largely that the poor may have the blessings of the best music and the inspirations of the divinest teaching, and the poor should just as gladly give as they can, and feel that they are not only welcome, but are respected and loved none the less because they cannot do more.

There should be one place beside the cemeteries where rich and poor are one, and that is the church of

God. The idea of a "fashionable church," a church for the rich, where the poor are not welcomed, is of all things the most incongruous, and especially if it be called a Christian Church. It is not incongruous for the wealthy to live in large mansions; we can look at the outside, though we may never see the inside; not incongruous to have costly clubs and steam yachts and fine carirages. But to have a church for the select few at which the poor are not welcome and call it a Christian Church, when the Christ was born in a manger, worked as a carpenter, "had not where to lay his head," lived with the people, "had compassion on the multitude," died on the cross and left only his garments to be divided among the soldiers is a solemn mockery. The Catholic church is not guilty of such inconsistencies. Mr. Vanderbilt, at Asheville, built a church for the people of Biltmore, it welcomes all alike, when there he passes the collection plate that all may have a part and what more is needed he pays—that is Christian. Miss Helen Gould's elegant home in New York was thrown open for the sufferers in the fire that burned the great hotel; she was out of the city, but her servants knew what would be her wish and did not wait even to telegraph—that is Christian; and when we have more of this spirit there will be less complaint and more love between rich and poor. O! what a happy, blessed world this would be if the Christ lived in all hearts.

The People's Church has been the glad home of poor and rich, and has welcomed both alike, and for the reason that it is a church and not a Board of Trade, and such it will be. Its work is on the mind, the heart-side of life, it is a church of souls, and these have not been weighed in the balances of bank accounts and corner lots. Such a spirit has never been in this church; it has looked to the moral grandeurs and eternal values of character, of what men and women are trying to be and do, and not to the clothes they wear. We have worked together to make this a temple of light, a power, an inspiration for all that is noble. Christ-like—a church large as the need of man and wide as the love of God.

The Study Table.

The Brownings' Love Letters.*

In advance of the publication of these letters there was a very general feeling that their publication would be a kind of sacrilege. But many who thought so in advance have read the letters, inconsistently perhaps, even though justified by the feeling that a reader more or less would make no difference. They may still be persuaded that the letters never should have been published, that when Browning handed them over to his son, saying, "Keep them or destroy them," he did not mean "Publish them or destroy them." Browning, however, can be appealed to both by those who are for their publication and those who are not. Quoting Wordsworth's line about Shakespeare's sonnets: "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," he asked, "Did Shakespeare?" and answered that if so "then the less Shakespeare he." On the other hand, he first printed privately and then permitted the publication of "The Portugese Sonnets" as too good to keep, and never was the treasure of a heart unlocked more openly than by that sonnet-key. Meantime the son had from his mother a double permission to print these letters. He had the Portugese sonnets, which are every whit as intimate as the letters, and he had this passage in the letter of February 17, 1846:

"I, for my part, value letters as the most vital part of biography and for any rational human being to put his foot on the traditions of his kind in this particular class does seem to me as wonderful as possible. . . . . We should all be ready to say that, if the secrets of our daliy lives and inner souls may instruct other sorrowing souls, let them be open to men hereafter as they are to God now. Dust to dust and soul secrets to humanity—there are natural heirs to all these things."

The letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett fully meet these requirements. The test being ability to instruct other souls, few letters have ever been published with more ample justification than these. There is nothing in which love needs to be instructed more than in unselfishness, and these letters abound so much in nothing else as in the needed lesson.

Many were the fears in advance of publication that it would inflict some injury upon the loves of the Brownings as an ideal relation. The publication of Mrs. Browning's other letters was encouraging, but not convincing, on this point. All that they showed was fair and good, but would the letters of a courtship covering twenty-one months confirm the impression which they gave? They do, and more. Where shall we look for such another revelation that is at once so intimate and bears so well the fierce light of publicity? Mrs. Browning's former letters raised Mrs. Browning very much in public estimation. They were convincing that the woman was more than her poetry had revealed. The impression there received is heightened by the deeper revelations of the volumes now in hand. Only one letter of the whole correspondence is omitted, that of May 23, 1845, which was presumably an offer of marriage written two days after Browning's first visit to Miss Barrett. This letter was returned to Browning and it perished, not by spontaneous combustion, as might be imagined, but in the grate where Browning put it sacrificially. In the other letters there are no omissions, yet is there nothing written that casts the shadow of a stain on either the man or the woman, anything that lets down in the least our idea of their relation, anything that does not tend to heighten our ideas of that relation. In his first letter he writes her that he loves her books, "and I love you, too." Many of his letters between that, January 10, 1845, and their first meeting, May 21, are love letters pure and simple—pure if not simple; after the premature offer of marriage the letters for a time are somewhat more literary than before on both sides, but they soon begin to gravitate to their own proper height. It was not that Miss Barrett did not love Browning that she refused him; it was a case of love four months in advance of first sight on both sides. But she did not wish to burden him with her chronic misery. Hence a generous rivalry—he pleading that he might take her and cherish her, however weak and broken; she out of pure unselfishness holding him off while her whole heart was crying for the comfort of his constant presence in her life. Finally her consent is given, and then begins another struggle over the time when he shall take her to himself. She cannot bear to make the inevitable break with her father, who has been kind to her in his way, but who, once she has fled away with Browning, will never so much as open one of her letters to him again. Browning's self-control in writing of this monstrous egotist is something marvelous.

When we speak so highly of these letters it must not be supposed that we find nothing in them but the finest wheat. There is a good deal of chaff. We could easily spare many pages about Browning's headaches, about which Miss Barrett is more elaborately anxious than he about her health. We could spare much more about the details of their clandes-

*The letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-1846, with portraits and facsimiles, in 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. Cloth, royal 8vo. $6.

tine meetings, but that the humor of the situation gets here its solitary exhibition. There never was such another "movable feast" as the day when Browning should come again. It was always being pushed back or ahead—generally back; alas, for his impatient heart! Those who have imagined that Browning's style was wilfully obscure will here find proof enough that it was not. He is always thinking underground and coming to the surface here and there in places wide apart. Mrs. Browning has in one of the letters the best criticism ever made upon this habit of his mind. It is interesting to note, however, that his style becomes less rough under the stress of his emotion. It is like a sea that the strong wind beats down. Miss Barrett's, on the contrary, generally much better than his, is roughened in proportion to the engagement of her feelings. Here was a marriage of true minds, to which the paternal Barrett could offer no just impediments. It was more equal than has been generally supposed. Miss Barrett appears in these letters as fully the equal of Browning in mental power and also in character. The only deduction is that she is too much afraid of her own joy and tries to convince Browning that he does not really love her so much as he thinks or that his passion cannot last.

Their relation as poets as here shown abounds in interesting traits. She is more soundly critical of him than he of her. His admiration for her work is certain to make many stop and think who have depreciated her overmuch. Was love so blind, or did it give Browning keener sight? Her poetical self-consciousness was more keen than his, and it is noticeable that she thought of herself as a very careful artist, while the consensus of the competent has tended strongly to the conclusion that her artistic faculty lagged far behind her poetic gift. Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates" were coming out in 1845-46 and there is much about them in the letters; especially does "Luria" come in for much consideration and Browning's criticisms of that noble drama will be highly prized by all who love it well. Many of Mrs. Browning's letters are true counterparts of her Portugese Sonnets, reflecting the same moods, but in a stream less still and clear.

In proportion to the amount of the letters the references to other people are but few, yet there are some interesting passages concerning Tennyson and Carlyle and others. The amusing passages are still rarer birds, but there are one or two that drop a feather tinged with a lively iris on the impassioned page, as where Browning, attending a representation of his own "Strafford," was accosted, "Is not this the author of 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Othello?'" "No—so far as I am aware," he made reply. He thought it much better to be Elizabeth Barrett's accepted lover and the prospective guardian of her happiness.

J. W. C.

Francis Wilson, the actor, recently, in an address in Chicago, on Eugene Field, said:

> The world is the sweeter for Eugene Field having been in it, and no greater praise could be given him. His friends sometimes have thought to raise a statue to his memory. The finest structure in brass or stone that could be made by the deathless hand would be feeble comparison with the monument he himself reared in writing "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "Little Boy Blue," and that sweetest of all short stories, "The First Chirstmas Tree." I never have been able to regard Eugene Field as dead, but rather as one who is visiting Olympus and being charmed with the conversation of the gods. Should we become impatient at his absence and he come not soon to us, we shall go to him.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

In all the range of literature nothing approaches, recently, the charm and importance of a letter which occupies less than a single page of the "Independent." It is from the President of Paraguay, Emilio Aceval. It is one of those flashes of love and light that shine out over whole periods of life and thought. Paraguay is a little country—a republic in the very heart of South America. It is about twice the size of Pennsylvania, situated on the River La Plata. Nearly fifty years ago its two huge neighbors, Brazil and Argentine, one on either side, attacked it, with an evident determination to divide the territory between them. The Paraguayans fought, under the lead of President Lopez, with a heroism rarely ever equaled in the history of the world. Then retreating, mile by mile, they razed and destroyed everything behind them—or before them, rather; for their backs were never to the enemy. Before that, standing at the very front of South American nations, in industry, thrift, agriculture and commerce, the little nation did not allow itself to despair; but after the war pushed on the work of reconstruction, until once more it stands as the ideal and model of the South American continent. Its president writes to us: "If the war against the allied powers was a glorious epoch, the resurrection of the nation constitutes a memorable event in the history of the human race during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Her wonderful defense can only be compared with Holland's heroic struggle. Paraguay is one of the real marvels of nature. Her climate is mild and helpful; her rich and fertile soil admits the cultivation of the products of both the temperate and the torrid zone; numerous magnificent rivers and thousands of smaller streams water the whole interior; immense virgin forests cover a large part of her territory; added to these other natural advantages contribute to fit her to become the seat of a great and prosperous civilization." The president adds: "The greatness of the United States is already assured. Now, in turn, will come that of the South American republics. Paraguay offers her fraternal hospitality and her lands to all men of every nation. Allow me, as chief executive, to reiterate this offer to our brothers of the North, and to express my personal sentiments of profound esteem and admiration for the country of Washington and Lincoln."

The "Coming Age" for April is a thoroughly good number. This magazine seems destined to be one of the permanent institutions of the country. It is rightly termed "A Magazine of Constructive Thought." We have in this number a charming article on the poems of Emerson, by Charles Malloy, a thorough Emersonian, which is to say that he is one of the most beautiful characters in the world. The magazine is nobly edited by Mr. Flower, as, indeed, we knew that it would be. He thoroughly accords in this number with the "Independent" in urging the government to retain the Porto Rico telegraph system, and to lay a cable from San Francisco to the Philippines, by the way of Honolulu, and to retain the public ownership of the same.

The "American Economist" is being distributed very freely in order to make the most of ex-Mayor Strong's historical review of the tariff in the United States. The article, however, is a perversion of history from first to last, in every statement, and almost in every line of it.

Our friend Edwin D. Mead, editor of the "New England Magazine," lays upon the Table several of his splendid monographs in favor of a grander internationalism. The work is done in the very best manner by a pen that rarely slips, either as to substance or style.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The union of benevolent minds is the nearest kindred.
MON.—He is least deceived who is soon denied.
TUES.—Bear great things that you may not repine at small.
WED.—To give often, silently teaches gratitude.
THURS.—To-day ought to be the discipline of yesterday.
FRI.—Poverty is the best guide to experience.
SAT.—A bow is rendered useless by constant extension, the mind by continual relaxation.

—*Publius Syrus, A. D. 1600.*

Bird Trades.

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work,—
A carpenter is he,—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
Some build upon the ground:
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.

—*Selected.*

The Overcoat Pillow.

I had occasion, a few days since, to call on one of the officials of the Mexican Central Railway. Upon reaching his office he was closeted with a visitor, and I was requested to wait a few minutes. As I took a seat in the outer office a young man stepped from behind a desk, and, extending his hand, said this:

"You are Mr. Butler, the Protestant minister, I believe. Perhaps you do not remember me, but I remember you very well, though it is now seventeen years since we met."

"I am very glad to see you, sir," was my reply. "Tell me, pray, where and how did we meet so many years ago."

"Well, sir," continued the young man, "seventeen years ago this summer I, a mere lad at that time, was a passenger, with my parents, on the train from Vera Cruz. My mother was very ill. You were a fellow passenger in the same English compartment car. You watched us closely, trying to care for and make comfortable my poor invalid mother. Seeing we had no pillow, nor even a substitute for it, you made a pillow of your overcoat and insisted that mother should use it. In a few moments she was sound asleep, enjoying that improvised pillow. We knew you were a Protestant minister, and though we were all Catholics, we always remembered that kindness on your part. My mother died five months afterward, but she never forgot you. A few hours before she died she spoke of the kindness of the Protestant minister. My father died fifteen years later, and only a few days before his death he told me never to forget what you did for mother."

This was an unexpected experience. The little event of seventeen years ago had entirely melted from my mind. I doubt if it recurred to me after that journey. But three fellow creatures, children of a common Father, were sincerely grateful; two carried the impression to the grave, and the third promises to do so. No kind deed ever dies. Many an overcoat has had a double mission. The writer was not only fully paid in the act at the time, but after the lapse of many years, and in such unexpected manner, had a perfect flood of benediction poured into his soul.—*Epworth Herald.*

Making Ready for Service.

One of the greatest servants of mankind is the locomotive engine, and it requires the greatest care. The engineer comes down to his post of duty nearly an hour before his engine is to go out on the road. But all night long in the engine stable, called the roundhouse, a man has been rubbing down the great iron horse until every rod and cylinder shines like a mirror. Fire has been kept going, so that all night there has been a little steam in the boxes. When the fireman comes he goes over the big steam horse and sees that everything is all right. Then when the engineer comes he examines everything just as carefully as if there had not been a wiper and a fireman there before him. All the bearings are oiled, and when everything is ready the engine is run out of the roundhouse for a little trial trip. Then, for fear something might have been overlooked, after the engine stands hitched to the train, an expert mechanic comes along and strikes a sharp blow on every wheel to make sure that the wheel and axle are sound.

That is only a suggestion of how careful we ought to be to keep our bodies and minds and hearts in such a perfect condition for service that none who trust sacred interests in our hands need fear a wreck. Many people cause wreckage who mean to be all right, but who have gone to their service in an unfit condition. We cannot afford to be careless where there is so much at stake.—*Anecdotes and Morals.*

My Own Master.

"I am my own master," cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsible, is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he will fail."

"Well?"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you do not master them they will master you."—*S. S. Times.*

Plant Trees.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
We plant the masts to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Pueblo, Colo.—Dear Unity:—My heart has been saying for months "God bless the Unity." And now I am moved to let this prayer out of prison, hoping the mail may bring it safely to you. The Unity is a constant delightful feast to both reason and soul. It gets pretty close up to the realm of inspiration. At least it is inspiring to read and contemplate its words. My work here has been taxing in the extreme. We made our start a year ago with no capital except brave spirits; and only a very few of these. Now we have enrolled nearly eighty members. Have opened a Junior Section, or Sunday-school, with a membership of 20 charter pupils. We shall enlarge gradually. We have neither a suitable place for meeting nor means for building. But we are sure of a missional call here and are staying. I wish I could emphasize "The Need of New Hymns," published March 9th. I am as deeply opposed to platitudinal insincerity in song as in prayer and preaching. In order to avoid this we are compelled to resort to the hard work of writing and finding our own hymns; with poor quality of product. I would like to receive copies from others of hymns suitable for our service. Yours truly,

A. A. HASKIN.

Unity Church.

Tower Hill Summer School.—From the prospectus for 1899. "In order to avoid the pressure experienced in a two weeks' program the work this year will be extended through six weeks, dividing it into three periods of a fortnight each, with the following outlined program: From 9 to 10:30, five forenoons in the week, interpretations of poetry, by the conductor Afternoons will be open for studies in Biology and Botany, sometimes in the pavilion, sometimes in the woods, sometimes by rambles and drives. Tuesday and Thursday nights, popular lectures. Saturday evenings, musical reunions. Sundays, every evening through the summer vesper readings, at sunset; and for three Sundays during the school, double preaching meetings in the pavilion, and basket dinner in the grove.

Mr. Jones' Work in Literature will be divided this year as follows: First period, July 17 to 28. High Poetry from the Minor Poets. A study of the poetry of Sydney Lanier, E. R. Sill, Helen Hunt, William Watson, W. W. Story, Richard Realf, Some Annonymous Poems, the songs that have survived the singer.

Second Period, July 31 to August 11. A Study of Hebrew Poetry. The prophetic masterpieces, the literary beauty of the Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ruth, Esther, and the Song of Songs, etc.

Third Period, August 14 to 25. Robert Browning's Interpretations of History. Protus, and Epistle (Karshish); Cleon, Death in the Desert, The Bishop Orders His Tomb, A Grammarian's Funeral, Holy Cross Day, Jochanan Hakkadosh, Filippo Baldinucci, etc

For further particulars send for prospectus to Miss M. H. Lackersteen, 3935 Langley avenue, Chicago.

Books Received.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London: "Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing. By Horatio W. Dresser. $1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "Through Nature to God." By John Fiske. $1.00.

The Macmillan Co.: "The Student's Life of Paul." By George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D.D. $1.25. "The Gospel for a World of Sin." By Henry Van Dyke. $1.25.

Rest.

(Lines found under the pillow of a soldier who died in hospital at Port Royal).

I lay me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioningly, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past:
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part:
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;—
These stripes, as well as stars,
Lead after Him.

—*Mary Woolsey Howland.*

From Ver Tenebrosum.

THE SOUDANESE.

They wrong'd not us, nor sought 'gainst us to wage
The bitter battle. On their God they cried
For succor, deeming justice to abide
In heaven, if banished from earth's vicinage,
And when they rose with a gall'd lion's rage,
We, on the captor's, keeper's, tamer's side,
We, with the alien tyranny allied,
We bade them back to their Egyptian cage.
Scarce knew they who we were! A wind of blight
From the mysterious far northwest we came.
Our greatness now their veriest babes have learn'd,
Where, in wild desert homes, by day, by night,
Thousands that weep their warriors unreturn'd,
O England, O my country, curse thy name!

HASHEEN.

"Of British arms, another victory!"
Triumphant words, through all the land's length sped.
Triumphant words, but, being interpreted,
Words of ill sound, woful as words can be.
Another carnage by the drear Red Sea—
Another efflux of a sea more red!
Another bruising of the hapless head
Of a wrong'd people yearning to be free.
Another blot on her great name, who stands
Confounded, left intolerably alone
With the dilating spectre of her own
Dark sin, uprisen from yonder spectral sands:
Penitent more than to herself is known;
England, appall'd by her own crimson hands.

THE TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The ever-lustrous name of patriot
To no man be denied because he saw
Where in his country's wholeness lay the flaw,
Where, on her whiteness, the unseemly blot.
England! thy loyal sons condemn thee.—What!
Shall we be meek who from thine own breasts draw
Our fierceness? Not ev'n thou shalt overawe
Us, thy proud children, nowise basely got.
Be this the measure of our loyalty—
To feel thee noble and weep thy lapse the more.
This truth by thy true servants is confess'd—
Thy sins, who love thee most, do most deplore.
Know thou thy faithful! Best they honor thee
Who honor in thee only what is best.

1885. —*William Watson.*

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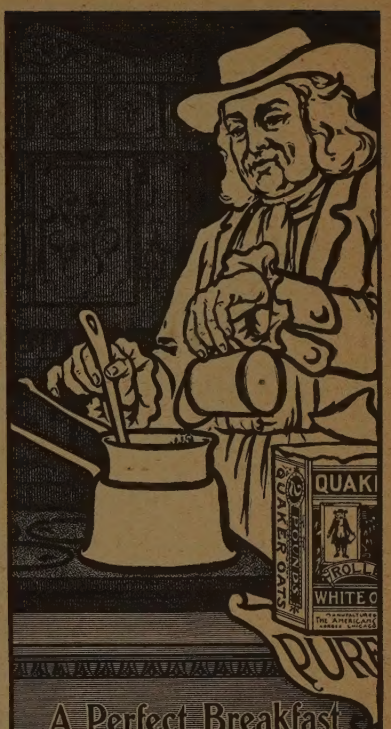

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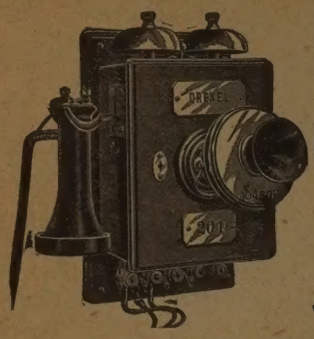

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